THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

We meet with many minute diſcuſſions and tedious demonſtrations of truths which the mind has long before aſſented to, as ſelf-evident propoſitions.

Wit and taſte are immediately felt and underſtood; yet their qualities have never yet been poſitively defined:

The poet tells us,

Wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
What oft was thought but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd.

If a definition of taſte were attempted, it might be ſaid that it is a delicate, acute perception in the powers of fancy, as well as in the faculties of the underſtanding.

A rhetorician may ſay that an oration ought neither to be too long nor too ſhort: a moraliſt that brevity and conciſeneſs are requiſite in apothegms and replies; but of what avail are all theſe dogmas of the ſchoolmen without the refinement of taſte and the irradiation of genius.

Whenever you ſee any thing excellent in another endeavor to imitate it: the attempt alone will bring you ſtill nearer to perfection.

He who would excel as a writer ſhould carefully chooſe his model; which like a companion will eaſily bring on a likeneſs.

There are men of very mean acquirements who act ſo ſkilfully, or rather ſo artfully, in the world, that they gain the advantage over thoſe who poſſeſs purer hearts, and much ſuperior underſtandings.

It is very difficult to conduct ourſelves in private life as a judicious deſigner does in his improvements; inſtead of forcing the ground againſt nature, he conforms his plan to the ground.

We ſometimes act in oppoſition to our natural diſpoſition and talents; but he always ſucceeds beſt who ſkilfully follows and improves the genuine bias of the mind.

Originality of thought and expreſſion may occaſionally occur, but in general, thoſe who excel in any art or ſcience are greatly indebted to the funds of others.

The Critic who has nothing in view but to expoſe the defects of an author, ſhould follow the example of the bee, which extracts ſweets from whatever falls in its way. Z.

LUCILLA.

——The conſcious bluſh crimſoned her countenance, ſhe ſtared as ſhe ſaw me. Lucilla, ſaid I——ſir, returned the unhappy fair—Alas! I knew thee in better days—thy voice was muſic to the ear—thy wit, the theme of every tongue. How is thine aſpect altered! the ſparkling eye hath loſt its fires—the roſes are faded—the lilly is a ſallow pale—What mighty misfortunes have deſtroyed thee? Where is the cruel invader of thy peace? She ſighed bitterly—the reply was candid like herſelf—The attentions of Altamont you well know—He came from a diſtant ſtate, and bare me triumphant from all his compeers. A few months poſſeſſion ſickened on his ſoul. Perdita ſpread the ſnare of deſtruction—Altamont entered her toils, and has left me to weep.

Depreſt by too much ſenſibility of feeling, ſorrow hath been drowned in factious ſpirits—I have not the fortitude to reſiſt—Pity, Oh Pity me my friend—Yes! tendereſt pity ſhall be thine. I know thy parents, Lucilla, they ſhall forgive the errors of humanity, and claſp the returned prodigal to their beating boſoms. A gleam of joy illumed her features—it was tranſient as the colours of the bow. The remembrance of home was a dagger—it pointed to her heart—Lucilla fainted—She awoke not again—Peace be to thy ſoul—the duſt ſhall lay light o'er thy errors—the tomb-ſtone record the virtues, yes! many were the inmates of the once virtuous Lucilla.——

Biography.

A ſketch of the life of the
PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

In the wildeſt ſcenes of nature have been found her moſt engaging beauties. The deſert ſmiles with roſes, and ſavage ſociety ſometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart, that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Captain Smith, one of the firſt ſettlers in Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with perſonal graces, that intereſt the female. He mingled feeling with heroiſm, and his countenance was an index of his ſoul. Pocahontas had never before beheld ſuch a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the firſt interview ſhe looked as ſhe felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An intereſting occurrence ſoon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems had reſolved on the death of Smith. A huge ſtone was rolled before the aſſembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs ſurrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raiſed! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; ſhe placed her cheek on Smith's, and the ſame blow would have decided both their deſtinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarſer materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and ſympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his priſoner. Charmed with her ſucceſs ſhe hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while exceſs of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the ſentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a ſpirit of enterpriſe, he aſpired to great and laudable achievements. The pleaſure of ſofter paſſions he relinquiſhed to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pochahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of intereſt.

After ſeven weeks captivity, Smith returned to Jameſtown, his ſettlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he ſent preſents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the teſtimonial of returned affections. The conſtructions of the heart are governed by its wiſhes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondneſs.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and deſpair. He encouraged them by engaging deſcriptions of the country, and diſconcerted a ſcheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An intereſting event ſtrengthend the reſolution he had inſpired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richeſt preſents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the beſt fruits of the earth, ſhe reſembled the Goddeſs of Plenty with her *cornucopiæ*. Even Smith indulged for a while, his ſofter feelings; and, in the romantic receſſes of uncultured walks, liſtened to the warm effuſions of his Indian maid. She ſighed, and ſhe wept; and found ſolace in his tears of tenderneſs, which ſeemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a ſtronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the coloniſts, and had laid his warriors in ambuſh, ſo artfully, that Smith and his party muſt have been deſtroyed. To ſave the man ſhe loved, in a night of ſtorm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love ſeems the ſupreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortenſia, forgets the brother, and the father, when oppoſed to the fortunes of her favourite.

A dangerous wound, which Captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England neceſſary. He felt the pangs his abſence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a ſcheme

for impreſſing her with a full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas viſited the camp, ſhe was led to the pretended grave of Smith and deluded with the dying profeſſions of her lover. Imagination will picture the ſorrows of ſo fond a heart.—Untutored nature knows none of the ſhackles of refinement, and violence of paſſion finds expreſſion.

The grave of Smith was the favourite haunt af Pocahontas. Here ſhe lingered away the hours, here ſhe told her love, and ſcattered her favourite flowers. One evening, as ſhe was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, ſhe was ſurpriſed at the preſence of a man. Rolfe had ſeen and gazed upon the charming nymph. and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic paſſion, which Smith had excited in her breaſt. He was penſively bewailing his hopeleſs love, when Pocahontas ſtole away in ſhade and ſilence to perform her duties to the dead. Surpriſe, terror, and ſorrow ſuſpended in her the powers of life, and ſhe ſunk lifeleſs into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved ſo well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her bluſhes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her leſſons to the woods and wilds to be dumb at ſuch a criſis. Pocahontas liſtened with ſympathy—he wiped away the tear, that ſwelled in her eye. Deſpair yielded to enliven hopes, and ſhe indulged him in the ardent careſſes of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the ſong of the mock-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could eſcape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the Engliſh; and a ſtratagem was formed to ſeize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the ſucceſs of this ungenerous ſcheme. Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to ſee her. He now enjoyed her ſmiles in ſafety, and received new confidence from being choſen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as reſpectful, as affectionate, and while he ſoothed her into tranquility, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure as hers was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with proviſions to ranſom his ſiſter. He had ſaved the life of Rolfe in one of his excurſions to meet Pocahontas; and to him the lover applied in the preſence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's conſent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into ſoftneſs at this declaration of the accompliſhed Engliſhman, and her bluſhing acquieſcence was ſanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage ſoon followed—Happy inſtance of the perſeverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honeſt impulſes of the heart. The raven treſſes and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no diſparagements to the dignity of her ſoul or the generoſity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe diſcovered a thouſand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their poſſeſſion.

For years Rolfe reſided in the wilds of nature, and in ſociety with his Indian princeſs. Fond of ſolitude, ſhe became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leiſure he initiated her in the wonders of ſcience, and the myſteries of religion. In return ſhe reſpected him for his talents and his virtues; and added gratitude for improvement to *love for love*. A ſon was the only fruit of their union, from whom deſcend the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, ſhe was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for deſcending from the dignity of royalty ſo far as to marry a plebian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with reſpect and affection and ſought to render her happy, by all the blandiſhments of refinement. She ſoon learned the manners of the great, and in her demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderneſs of the heart.

Captain Smith called on Pocahontas ſoon after her arrival. Her aſtoniſhment was at firſt ſucceeded by contempt. But the reſentment of wounded pride ſoon yielded to tender ſentiments. In a private interview ſhe heard his intereſting explanation, and ever after careſſed him with the fondneſs of a ſiſter.

After remaining ſome time in England and traveling with Pocahontas through the country, he had ſo often deſcribed, Rolfe reſolved to reviſit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken ſick at Graveſend and after a ſhort illneſs, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her laſt faultering accents whiſpered praiſe to her Creator.

When we reflect that ſo much virtue, heroiſm, intellect and piety, adorned ſo young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatneſs, and conſider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of ſavage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.—

Pleaſures and advantages of

RELIGION.

Religion is the daughter of heaven! parent of all our virtues, and guardian of all our pleaſures; who alone gives peace and contentment, diveſts the heart of care and the life of trouble, burſts on the mind a flood of joy, and ſheds unmingled and perpetual ſunſhine in the virtuous breaſt. By her the ſpirits of darkneſs are baniſhed the earth, and miniſters of grace thicken unſeen the ſcenes of morality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded ſpirit, diſſipates the gloom of ſorrow, ſweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the ſting of death, and wherever ſeen, or felt, or heard, breathes around her an everlaſting ſpring. Religion raiſes men above themſelves! irreligion ſinks them beneath the brutes: the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable ſpeck of periſhable earth; *that* opens up a viſta to the ſkies, and lets looſe all the principles of an immortal mind among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up your head, O Chriſtian, and look forward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, untiullied by vapours, unruffled by ſtorms; where Friendſhip, the loveliеſt form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Ere long thou ſhalt burſt this brittle cage of confinement, break through the fetters of mortality, ſpring to life and mingle with the ſkies. Corruption has but a limited duration, Happineſs is even now in the bud: a few days, or weeks, or months, or years at moſt, and that bud ſhall be fully blown. Here Virtue droops under a thouſand preſſures: but, like the earth, with the returning ſpring, ſhall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, riſe and reign in everlaſting and undiminiſhed luſtre. It does not ſignify what thy proſpects now are; what thy ſituation now is. In the preſent condition, thy heart, indeed, may ſob and bleed its laſt, before thou ſhalt meet with one who has either the generoſity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou haſt, however, in thy compaſſionate Parent of Nature, a moſt certain reſource in the deepeſt extremity. Caſt thine eyes a little beyond this ſtrange, myſterious, and perplexing ſcene, which at preſent intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow ſtamped in the whole ſurrounding hemiſphere, brightening as thou approacheſt! Say, does not yon bleſſed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more than compenſate all the ſighs and ſufferings which chequer the preſent, paſſing, intervening ſcene? Lo! there thy long loſt friend, who ſtill lives in thy remembrance, and warms thy inmoſt heart, whoſe preſence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whoſe abſence coſt thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayeſt be alſo. "Here," he ſays, "dwell unmingled pleaſures, unpolluted joys, "inextinguiſhable love; immortal, unbounded, unmoleſted friendſhip. All the ſorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been: and nothing lives in heaven, but pure unadulterated virtue. Our hearts, ſwelled with rapture, ceaſe to murmur; our breaſts, warm with gratitude, to ſigh; our eyes, charmed with celeſtial viſions, to water; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. We are juſt as ſafe as infinite power, as joyful as infinite fulneſs, and as infinite goodneſs, can make us. Ours is peace without moleſtation, plenty without want, health without ſickneſs, day without night, pleaſure without pain, and life without the leaſt mixture or dread of death."

Happy thou, to whom life has no charm, for which thou canſt wiſh it protracted! Thy troubles will ſoon vaniſh like a dream, which mocks the power of memory: and what ſignify all the ſhocks which thy delicate and feeling ſpirit can meet with in this ſhocking world? A moment longer, and thy complaints are at an end; thy diſeaſes of body and mind ſhall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churliſh relations diſtreſs no more. Then ſhall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive ſtrains of melancholy, but happily attuned to ſongs of gladneſs, mingle with the hoſts of heaven in the laſt and ſweeteſt anthem that ever mortals or immortals ſung, "O Death! where is thy ſting! O Grave! "where is thy victory?"

MARIA ARNOLD.

A TALE—*Founded on Fact.*

(Concluded from our laſt.)

What my ſenſations were during this recital, it is impoſſible to deſcribe; I can only ſay, that I felt myſelf ſo overpowered by the ſudden and ſhocking piece of information, that, void of ſtrength, I ſank into a chair, faint, and unable to expreſs the agony of my mind. The rapturous ideas of happineſs with which I had fondly heated my imagination, were now no more: in their place, a ſcene of all others the moſt diſtreſſing to my heart preſented itſelf, the image of my worthy Arnold ſtretched weeping on the body of his Maria, of that Maria, whoſe innocence and ſimplicity were ſo dear to me. Even now my ſoul ſhudders at the recollection of this dreadful moment. Accurſed be the wretch that brought thee low, thou gentleſt of the forms of virtue! may anguiſh torture his corrupted heart! little wert thou able to contend with miſery ſuch as this, with the pang of diſappointed love, and the brutal violence of unfeeling paſſion, for thou wert mild as

> ——————————Patience, "who,"
> Her meek hands folded on her modeſt breaſt,
> In mute ſubmiſſion lifts the adoring eye
> Even to the ſtorm that wrecks her. *Maſon.*

When the poignancy of grief abated, I mingled my tears with the honeſt farmer's, whoſe ſenſibility of heart, the genuine effuſion of pity and affection, had ſtrongly impreſſed me in his favor. I ſpent the night under his roof, and in the morning bidding him a melancholy farewel, I rode on to Ruyſ—le, with an intention of ſeeing my afflicted friend, and of being preſent at the awful ceremony; for, in the ſtate of mind I was then in, it was penſive luxury I would not have foregone on any conſideration.

When I came within ſight of the parſonage, my ſenſations nearly overcame me; here, I once fondly hoped to have found the ſame domeſtic felicity and contentment I had formerly experienced; but, mark the mutability of human bliſs! this ſpot ſo lately the abode of happineſs and of innocence, now appeared the ſeat of ſilence and of ſolitude, of ſorrow and of death. Scarce had I reſolution to approach the houſe, for although I well knew the reſignation and the piety of Arnold, yet I dreaded to recal thoſe ſcenes, the recollection of which would only give edge to his ſufferings, and freſh miſery to his painful taſk:---the villagers were aſſembled on the green, dreſſed in their neateſt clothes, & thoſe who could afford it, in black:---there was not a whiſper heard among them, the tear rolled down their honeſt cheeks, and on their features dwelt the ſentiments of pity and regret. A lane was formed for me as I paſſed along; we interchanged not a word; I caſt my eyes upon the ground; they wept aloud. I was ſo much affected I could ſcarce ſit upon my horſe, and leaving it at a ſmall cottage when I got through them, I went to the parſonage on foot. I entered, and meeting a ſervant in the hall, he pointed to the parlor and retired. I advanced towards it; the door was half open; and ſliding ſoftly in, a ſpectacle preſented itſelf whoſe impreſſion will never be eraſed from my memory:---in the middle of the room was placed the coffin of Maria, the lid was taken off, and beſide it, in his robes, knelt the unfortunate Frederick Arnold, Maria's lifeleſs hand was locked in his, and on her clay-cold corpſe were fixed his ſtreaming eyes. A conſiderable ſhade was thrown over the room, the windows looking upon the green being cloſed up, but through the garden window the ſun broke in, and ſhone full upon the features of Arnold; his countenance was pale, languid, but remarkably intereſting, and received a peculiar degree of expreſſion from the tint of the morning light, and his hair, which had early became white, was ſcattered in thin portions over his temples and forehead. I ſtood impreſſed with awe; my ſoul was filled with compaſſion, and I wiſhed to indulge my ſorrow, but as Arnold did not perceive me, I thought it beſt not to interrupt him, and was therefore going to retire, when ſuddenly riſing up, he exclaimed, 'Farewel, my Maria! thou that wert the ſolace of mine age, farewel! oh, if thy unembodied ſpirit ſtill hovers o'er this ſcene of things, be preſent to thy afflicted father, pour comfort into his wounded boſom! ſure, to do this will be thy paradiſe, Maria, and ſure thou haſt met with thy reward! What, if unavailing regret ſtill tortures this diſtracted heart, ſtill brings thy injured form to view, yet through the mercies of my God, will I look forward with hope; I will meet thee, O my daughter! in heaven. God of mercies! hear me.'---He will, he will, thou good old man!" I cried, "he will liſten to thy prayer." Arnold ſtarted; 'Is it thou, my ſon?' he ſaid, and, falling upon my neck, he wept; then preſently recovering himſelf he advanced with compoſure towards the coffin: 'Come hither,' he cried, 'and view the remains of fallen innocence and beauty! ſee, my ſon, what one ſtep from rectitude of conduct has produced; ſee the unfortunate Maria!' I advanced, and, kneeling down, kiſſed the pale hand of Maria; a ſweet ſerenity dwelt upon her features, and ſhe ſeemed to be aſleep; I would have ſpoken, but I could not; I ſighed in a convulſive manner; for the tumult of my ſpirits quite oppreſſed me; and Arnold obſerving this, ſeized my arm, and ordering the coffin to be ſcrewed down, conveyed me into another room. Here, in a little time, I recovered ſome calmneſs of mind, and Arnold, taking me by the hand, deſired me to collect all my fortitude. 'I go to bury my Maria,' he ſaid, but let not the murmurings of diſcontent break in upon the ſacred rite; to Providence, not to us, the chaſtenings of mortality are given.' Having ſaid this, he quitted the room, and, giving orders for the poſſeſſion, proceeded to the church: in a few minutes the coffin was carried out upon the green; it was covered with black velvet, over which was thrown a pall of white ſatin, and here half a dozen young women, dreſſed in white, ſupported it, whilſt as many in the ſame habit walked two and two before, and the like number behind it: they ſang a dirge adapted to the occaſion, and with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps went forward to the church; the whole village followed; and never was ſorrow better painted than in the features of this mournful group. I loitered at a little diſtance, abſorbed in the melancholy of my own reflections.

> ——————————the bell
> Of death beat ſlow!——————————
> It pauſed now, and now with riſing knell
> Flung to the hollow gale its ſullen ſound. *Maſon.*

The wind ſighed through the yew-trees, and the face of nature ſeemed to darken with oppreſſive gloom. We entered the church, where after all things had been duly arranged, the ceremony was begun. A calm reſignation was apparent in the countenance of Arnold; and as he pronounced the ſubliime and pathetic language of the ſervice, a kind of divine enthuſiaſm lightened from his eyes. Now and then his ſpeech would falter, and the tear would trickle down his cheek, and I witneſſed many an effort to ſuppreſs the tender emotions of his ſoul; but a high ſenſe of the duty of his office kept within reſtriction the feelings of the father. He had now proceeded a conſiderable way in the ſervice, and the corpſe was made ready to be laid in the earth, when ſuddenly the folding doors of the church were thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, ruſhed vehemently in; his aſpect was hurried and wild, and he exclaimed in a loud but convulſive tone of voice: "Where is my Maria! think not to wreſt her from me! I will ſee her once more! I come to die with thee, my love! Stand off, ye inhuman wretches! Off, and give me way!" He then broke through the crowd, which had oppoſed him; and ſeeing the coffin, he ſtarted ſome paces backward "Help me, ſhe is murdered!" he exclaimed; "My gentle love is murdered!" and throwing himſelf on the coffin, he became ſpeechleſs with agony. It was with the utmoſt difficulty we tore him from it; he ſtruggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but at length, having liberated himſelf, he pauſed a moment; then, ſtriking his forehead with his hand, he muttered, "I will—'tis fit it ſhould be ſo!" and darting furiouſly through the aiſle, diſappeared. But ſcarce had we time to breathe, before he again entered, dragging in a man advanced in years; "Come on, thou wretched author of my being!" he exclaimed; "come, ſee the devaſtation thou haſt made!" and compelling him to approach the coffin; "look," he ſaid; "ſee where ſhe bleeds beneath thy ruthleſs arm! O my deſerted love! ſeeſt thou not how ſhe ſupplicates thy mercy! Perdition ——but I will not curſe thee, O my father! I will not curſe thee;" and ſaying this he threw himſelf upon the coffin. The old man in the mean time became the very picture of horror; his hair ſtood erect, his face was pale as death, and his teeth ſtruck each other! he looked firſt upon the coffin, and then upon his ſon, and, racked with pity and remorſe, he at laſt burſt into tears; 'Have compaſſion on me, my ſon!' he cried, 'kill not thy father!' "It is enough, my father," ſaid the youth, ſlowly lifting up his head; "it is enough, my father;" and being now more calm, we prevailed upon him to ariſe; and Arnold, after ſome time, concluded the ceremony.

Our conſternation during this dreadful ſcene may be readily conceived, and how much it would ſhock the feelings of the worthy curate; who, after the firſt tumult of ſurpriſe had ceaſed, conducted himſelf

with all that dignity and mildneſs of manner ſo peculiarly engaging in his character. Old Stafford, and his ſon, who was with difficulty perſuaded to quit the church, were now led to the parſonage. Their appearance had been occaſioned by a letter written by Miſs Stafford to her brother, mentioning the ſituation of Maria, her miſcarriage, indiſpoſition, and the treatment ſhe had met with; and, irritated to the higheſt degree, he immediately left the continent and arrived at his father's houſe early on the ſame day Maria was buried. Her death was unknown at H—t—n hall, and Henry inſiſted upon his father's accompanying him immmediately to the curate's, as his preſence would be neceſſary for the ſatisfaction of both parties. Mr Stafford was much averſe to the meaſure; but as his ſon's health had been lately upon the decline, and his preſent agitated ſtate of mind contributed greatly to increaſe his complaint, he reluctantly complied with his requeſt, ſtill hoping to avoid ſo unprofitable a connection. Upon their arrival at Ruyid—le, they drove to the parſonage, and being there informed of the death of Maria, and that the burial ſervice was then actually performing, the carriage was ordered to the church, and Henry ruſhed in, in the manner above mentioned.

The Staffords, having continued a couple of days at the parſonage, returned to H—t—n Hall. Young Stafford's health is much impaired and it is apprehended he will fall a ſacrifice to the unfeeling tyranny of a father, whoſe remorſe is now as extenſive as it is fruitleſs.

I purpoſe remaining a few months with my worthy friend, until time hath in ſome degree mitigated the preſſure of his misfortune. I find alſo a melancholy pleaſure in viſiting the many ſcenes in this neighborhood, whoſe romantic and ſequeſtered beauty gave employment to the pencil & the taſte of Maria; & I am now finiſhing this haſty ſketch on the banks of the rapid Sw---le, and under the ſhelter of an oak, whoſe antique branches throw a broad and deep ſhade athwart his ſurface; turbulent he pours along beneath yon ſcowling precipice, he riſes from his bed, and wild his gloomy ſpirit ſhrieks. Here can I indulge the fervour of my imagination; here can I call up the fleeting forms of fancy; I can here hold converſe with Maria; and, yielding to the penſive bias of my mind, enjoy the torrent and the howling ſtorm.

THE FORCE OF GRATITUDE.

A gentleman in the weſtern parts of England had two daughters at marriage eſtate, the elder of whom was addreſſed by a perſon, whoſe birth and fortune rendered him more than an equal match? but notwithſtanding theſe advantages, joined to a moſt graceful form, and many great accompliſhments of mind, ſhe could not be brought to liſten to his courtſhip with any degree of ſatisfaction, while her younger ſiſter languiſhed in the moſt ardent paſſion for him. Her love was of that pure and diſintereſted kind, that, though by what ſhe felt ſhe was too well convinced that ſhe never could be happy without a return in kind, yet ſo much did ſhe prefer his ſatisfaction to her own, that ſhe did him all the good offices in her power with her ſiſter. Their father ſoon diſcovered the different inclinations of his daughters, and fearing he ſhould never be able to bring the eldeſt to abate her averſion, and loth to loſe the opportunity of ſo good a match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the current of the gentleman's affections to the youngeſt: but all efforts of that nature were wholly vain. His reaſon avowed the merits of the kinder fair; it pointed out the laſting comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly loved him; but his heart refuſed to liſten to any other dictates than its own, and ſhut out all impreſſions but thoſe it had at firſt received. Not all the diſdain he was treated with by the one had power to abate the ardour of his flame; nor all the ſoft though modeſt tokens of an affection adequate to her ſiſters hate could in the other kindle the leaſt ſpark. A kind look from the one tranſported him beyond himſelf, but the tender glances of the other ſerved only to add to his diſquietude.

Thus did the beautiful inſenſible, her hapleſs ſiſter, and deſpairing lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated day put a final period to all uncertainty and vain dependence.

The gentleman had lately bought a little pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for pleaſure; to this he invited the two ſiſters, with ſeveral other ladies and gentlemen, who lived near the ſea-ſide, in order to give them a regale on board. The weather being calm and clear when they ſet out, tempted them to ſail a conſiderable diſtance from ſhore; when, all at once, the aſpect of the heavens was changed, and, from a moſt ſerene ſky, became clouded and tempeſtuous: the wind grew every moment higher, and blew ſo ſtrong againſt them, that, in ſpite of their intention, they were borne ſtill farther out at ſea. The ſtorm increaſing, the veſſel being weak, and, as ſome ſay, the mariners unſkilful, it bulged againſt a rock, and ſplit at the bottom; the ſea came pouring in on all ſides; there was but a moment between the accident and ſinking; every one was in the utmoſt conſternation; the circumſtances admitted no time for conſideration; all jumped overboard, taking hold of thoſe they were moſt anxious to preſerve. The gentleman catched the two ſiſters, one under each arm, and for awhile, even thus encumbered, combated the waves; but his ſtrength failing, there was an abſolute neceſſity to quit his graſp of the one, in order to ſave the other; on which, following the emotions of his gratitude, rather than his love, he let go the eldeſt of the ladies, and ſwam with the younger till he reached the ſhore.

One of the ſailors, who had gone under his protection, ſaw the diſtreſs of her, whom her lover had left floating, and caught hold of her garments juſt as ſhe was ſinking: but deſtiny forbade ſucceſs to his endeavours; a billow, too large and boiſterous for human ſkill or ſtrength to cope with, came rolling over them both, and plunged this unfortunate lady, with her intended deliverer, in the immenſe abyſs.

Her lover, who had juſt eaſed himſelf of his burthen, beheld from the ſhore what had befallen her, and not able to ſurvive the ſhock, turned to the lady he had preſerved at the expence of all he valued in life, and with a countenance full of horror and deſpair, ſaid to her, "Madam, I have diſcharged my debt of gratitude to you, for the unſought affection you have for me! I muſt now obey the calls of love, and follow her, whom to outlive would be the worſt of hells." With theſe words, they ſay, he threw himſelf with the utmoſt violence among the waves, which immediately ſwallowed him up.

The young lady had neither power nor time to utter any thing to prevent ſo deſperate a deed, and only giving a loud ſhriek, fell down in a ſwoon; in which poſture ſhe was found by thoſe, who, ſeeing the diſtreſs of the pinnace afar off, were coming to adminiſter what relief the occaſion would admit.

THE WATER-FLIGHT OF GLENCAR.

From Miſs Owenſon's "Patriotic Sketches of Ireland.

While the mind, by an aſſociation of ideas, diſcovers "a ſpell of of attraction," in every thing however intrinſically valueleſs, which carries with its protracted exiſtence the character of ages gone by with years beyond the flood; of objects which time has reſcued from the viciſſitude of human events, & which tradition has connected with incidents of hiſtoric intereſt; it purſues with an oppoſite ſenſation of delight, every thing in the moral or natural world, which is touched by the charm of novelty, or which owes its intereſt to the rarity of its exiſtence. Thus the moſt ſublime objects of the creation excite a leſs animated ſenſation in obſervance than the *luſus naturæ*, whoſe ſingularity is probably its only excellence. This obſervation inſenſibly ſuggeſted itſelf, as I turned with indifference from a very noble view of the ocean, to behold with eager curioſity the water flight of Glencar.

The water flight of Glencar derives its ſource from the ſummit of a lofty hill whoſe baſe it ſcarcely reaches, if the wind is in a certain point; there it is again carried perpendicularly back, forming a ſpecies of water ſpout. Nothing can be more ſplendidly beautiful than its appearance when ſeen under the influence of an unclouded ſun, riſing like a pillar of light: the leaſt variation of the air breaks it into a feathery ſpray, which falls at a conſiderable diſtance, like the miſty ſhower of a ſummer's evening tinged with the departing glow of the horizon.

Nor is the water-flight of Glencar the only equatic curioſity in the neighbourhood of Sligo. The hill of Knocknashong, or the Hill of the Hawk, is from its elevation the firſt point of land ſeen on this coaſt at ſea, and has become a kind of land-mark to mariners. Yet notwithſtanding its altitude, and its diſtance from the ſhore, its ſummit contains a ſmall well, which ebbs and flows with the tide. Of both the mountain and the well, tradition has preſerved many miraculous tales.

DRUNKENNESS.

"A drunken man is a greater monſter than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more deſpicable and defamed in the eyes of all reaſonable perſons than that of a drunkard."

Bonoſus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having ſet up for a ſhare in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himſelf. When he was ſeen by the army

in this melancholy ſituation, notwithſtanding he had behaved himſelf very bravely, the common jeſt was, that the thing they ſaw hanging upon the tree before them was not a man but a bottle.

Alexander having invited ſeveral of his friends and general officers to ſupper, propoſed a crown as a reward for him who ſhould drink moſt. He who conquered on this occaſion was Promachus, who ſwallowed fourteen meaſures of wine, that is, eighteen or twenty pints. After receiving the prize, which was a crown, worth a talent, i. e. about a thouſand crowns---he ſurvivtd his victory but three days. Of the reſt of the gueſt, forty died of their intemperate drinking. "The end of theſe things is death."

"The caution of an heathen Prince (See Eſt: i.) even when he would ſhew his generoſity, may ſhame many who are called Chriſtians, that think they do not ſufficiently ſhew their good houſe keeping, nor bid their friends welcome, unleſs they make them drunk, and under pretence of ſending the health round, ſend the ſin round and death with it."

Anachonis, the philoſopher, being aſked by what means a man might beſt guard againſt the vice of drunkenneſs? He made anſwer, "By bearing conſtantly in his view the loathſome indecent behaviour of ſuch as are intoxicated in this manner." Upon this principle probably was founded the cuſtom of the Lacedemonians, of expoſing their drunken ſlaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early averſion to a vice which makes men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational.

The famous Bernard Gilpin diſcovered the ſerioufneſs of his diſpoſition very early in life.---A begging friar came to his father's houſe, where, according to the cuſtom of the times, he was received in a very hoſpitable manner. The friar was too free, and was not ſober enough to ſave appearances. The next morning, however, he ordered the bell to toll; and from the pulpit expreſſed himſelf with great vehemence againſt the debauchery of the times, and particularly againſt drunkenneſs. Young Gilpin, then a child by his mother's knee, ſeemed for ſome time exceedingly affected with the friar's diſcourſe, and at length with the utmoſt indignation cried out---"Oh, Mamma, do you hear how this fellow dares ſpeak againſt drunkenneſs, and was drunk himſelf yeſternight at our houſe." How careful and circumſpect ſhould profeſſors of religion be in their conduct. Even infantine wiſdom cannot help diſcerning and marking the inconſiſtences of ſuch!

No efforts of genius are ſo truly great as thoſe which, approaching the brink of horror, have yet, by the art of the poet or painter, by adjunctive and picturesque embelliſhment, by pathetic or ſublime emotion, been rendered powerful in creating the moſt delightful and fascinating ſenſations. In the fragment annexed to theſe obſervations, it has been the aim of the author to combine picturesque deſcription with ſome of thoſe objects of terror which are independent of ſupernatural agency.

HENRY DE MONTMORENCY,

A FRAGMENT.

The ſullen tolling of the Curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light iſſued from the dreary villages, the murmuring Cotter had extinguiſhed his enlivening embers, and had ſhrunk in gloomy ſadneſs to repoſe, when Henry De Montmorency and his two attendants ruſhed from the caſtle of A——y.

The night was wild and ſtormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flaſhed, as the clouds paſſed from before her, on the ſilver armour of Montmorency, whoſe large and ſable plume of feathers ſtreamed threatening in the blaſt. They hurried rapidly on, and, arriving at the edge of a declivity, deſcended into a deep glen, the dreadful and ſavage appearance of which was ſufficient to ſtrike terror into the ſtouteſt heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each ſide, riſing to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiouſly along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and daſhing againſt huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and ſwoln torrent, and farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremenduous ſtrength, fell, at a ſingle ſtroke, an awful and immenſe caſcade. From the clefts and chaſms of the crag, abrupt and ſtern the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of ſhade, and bending his gigantic arms athwart the ſtream, ſhed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves, while from the ſummits of the rock was heard the clamour of the falling fragments, that bounding from its rugged ſide leapt with reſiſtleſs fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehenſion; they ſtood for ſome time in ſilent aſtoniſhment, but their ideas of danger from the conflict of the elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed; when all inſtantly became dark, whilſt the ruſhing of the ſtorm, the roaring of the caſcade, the ſhivering of the branches of the trees, and the daſhing of the rock, aſſailed at once their ſenſe of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the courſe of the torrent, had advanced a conſiderable way, when the piercing ſhrieks of a perſon in diſtreſs arreſted their ſpeed; they ſtopped, and liſtening attentively, heard ſhrill, melancholy cries repeated, at intervals, up the glen, which, gradually becoming more diſtant, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppreſſed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was haſting on, but again their progreſs was impeded by the harrowing and ſtupendous claſh of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, ſeemed here and there, and from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if an hundred men in armour had, in ſucceſſion, fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency having recovered from the conſternation into which this ſingular noiſe had thrown him, undauntedly purſued his courſe, and preſently diſcerned, by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the ſpot, where he found, laid along at the root of an aged oak, whoſe branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burniſhed ſteel, by his ſide there lay a falchion, and a ſable ſhield emboſſed with ſtuds of gold, and, dipping his caſque into the ſtream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirſt, but, through weakneſs from loſs of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being queſtioned as to his misfortune, he ſhook his head, and unable to ſpeak pointed with his hand down the glen; at the ſame moment, the ſhrieks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently at no great diſtance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghaſtly features of the dying knight; his black hair, daſhed with gore, ſtood erect, and, ſtretching forth his hands towards the ſound, he ſeemed ſtruggling for ſpeech, his agony became exceſſive, and groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth.

The ſuddenneſs of this ſhocking event, the total ignorance of its cauſe, the uncouth ſcenery around, and the diſmal wailings of diſtreſs, which ſtill poured upon the ear with aggravated ſtrength, left room for imagination to unfold its moſt hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though aſtoniſhed, loſt not his fortitude and reſolution, but determined, following the direction of the ſound, to ſearch for the place whence theſe terrible ſcreams ſeemed to iſſue, and recommending his men to unſheath their ſwords, and maintain a ſtrict guard, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived too corſes mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared through ſome trees that hung depending from a ſteep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the ſhrieks ſeemed evidently to proceed from that quarter; upon which, tying their horſes to the branches of an oak, they aſcended ſlowly and without any noiſe towards the light; but what was there amazement, when, by the pale glimpſes of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vaſt and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp ſuſpended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; their vizors were up, and the lamp, faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting ſternneſs capable of the moſt ruthleſs deeds. One, who had the aſpect and the garb of their leader, and who, waving his ſcimetar, ſeemed menacing the reſt, held on his arm a maſſy ſhield, of immenſe circumference, and which, being ſtreaked with recent blood, preſented to the eye and object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave and fixed to a brazen ring, ſtood a female figure, and, as far as the obſcurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the ſhrieks had proceeded; ſhe was dreſſed in white, and ſtruggling violently and in a convulſive manner, appeared to have been driven almoſt to madneſs from the conſcious horror of her ſituation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

A young French Nobleman, not quite twenty years old, (the Count de B. Lieutenant of Cavalry) was attacked by a wolf of an extraordinary size. The furious animal first seized the horse, and tore off such large pieces of his flesh, that M. de B. was soon dismounted. Then the wolf flew at him, and would certainly have torn him in pieces, had he not had great presence of mind.---With one hand he seized the wolf's foaming tongue, and with the other hand one of his paws. After struggling awhile with the terrible creature, the tongue slipped from him, and his right thumb was bitten off; upon which, he leaped upon the wolf's back, clapped his knees fast to his flanks, and called out for help to some armed peasants who were passing by; but none dared to advance. "Well then," said he, "fire: if you kill me I forgive you." One of them fired, and three bullets went through the brave officer's coat, but neither he nor the beast were wounded. Another, bolder than his comrades, seeing the cavalier was intrepid, and kept firm upon the wolf, came very near and fired at him; the animal was mortally wounded, and after a few more furious motions expired. In this dreadful conflict, besides the losing of his thumb, the young count's left hand was torn, and he got several bites in his legs and thighs.

Wonderful attachment and heroism of a female.

The following particulars of female attachment and heroism may be relied on.---A female fell in love with a young fellow named Harrison, who meeting a number of obstacles from the obstinacy of her relations, came to a resolution of going to sea; this the girl opposed, promising that if he would enlist in a marching regiment, she would disguise herself in a man's attire and attend him. They were accordingly both enlisted by the same serjeant, and the girl in the capacity of a drummer, was sent along with her lover to the continent, the corps to which they belonged being the first that was draughted for foreign service. They were in all the actions before Dunkirk, Tournay, Valenciennes, &c.

In an engagement the young man was killed by a cannon ball, within ten yards of the young woman. She did not quit her station till after the action, when she discovered her sex, and obtained the Duke of York's passport to return to England. She has been three times wounded, and was once taken prisoner, but escaped from her conductor in the night, after receiving a severe wound in the breast.---She found means to prevail on the surgeons to conceal her sex.

On her coming to London, a Captain Blackburn hearing the circumstance, purchased her several articles of dress, paid her passage in the Leeds coach. and presented her with money to bear her expenses on the road.

Humorous.

There are two members in the British Parliament named Montagu Mathew and Mathew Montagu; the former a tall handsome man, the latter small and ill formed. During a late Session, the speaker of the house having addressed the latter as the former, Montagu Mathew observed, it was strange he should make such a mistake, for there was as great a difference between them as between a horse chesnut and a chesnut horse.

Professor Porson being in a mixed company, among which were many eminent literary characters, and particularly a poet, who had a very high opinion of his own talents, the conversation turned upon some of his productions, when, as usual he began to extol their merit. "I will tell you, sir," said the professor, "what I think of your works; they will be read when Shakespeare's and Milton's a re forgotten."—Every eye was instantly fixed with astonishment on the professor, when he added, "but not *till* then."

In Vienna, where wood is very dear, and an immense quantity is consumed in coffins, Joseph II. issued an edict in 1784, that for the future, all bodies should be merely sewed up in a sack and interred. This created general discontent. The Greeks first began, by representing the edict as contrary to their ritual. Those provincial families who had, relations in Vienna were greatly alarmed. At last the Emperor was obliged to issue a contra edict, stating, that "as the living set such value on their carcales and wished them to be longer rotting, he did not prescribe how they should be buried: and therefore in regard to coffins every man might have what sort he chose for his own corpse.

Some gentlemen (of whom sir Jonah Barington judge of the Admiralty court in Ireland, was one) surveying the ruins of an old Cathedral, and attending minutely to all the technical descriptive expressions, one of the party begged to be told what was the *Nave* of a Church; "Oh!" replied Sir Jonah, "that's the *incumbent!*" a benificed clergyman, observed, that Sir Jonah had given a *key* (*K*) to the question.

The church of St. Mary in the city of Oxford had been shut up for a short time in consequence of some repairs which were making to the building; and a fence was likewise made round it for the purpose of defending the walls. After the whole had been completed an appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by the clergyman of the parish, who, when the ceremony was finished in walking down the church-yard overtook Mr. Prince, a respectable bookseller of that place, and who was indeed the *Prince* of printers. Well, sir, says the parson, how do you like what we have been doing here! dont you think this is a good fence! It may be so, as a fence said Prince, but I never yet approved of *railing* against the *church*

Z.

MARRIAGES.

Married, on Saturday evening last by the Revd. Mr. Blair, *Mr. Isaac Davis*, to the much admired *Miss Catharine Fox*, both of this city.

——At Ipswich, *Mr. Mark Ross*, aged nineteen, to the blooming *Miss Betsey Teeloch*, aged seventy!

DEATHS.

Died, in London, on the 28th April last, in the 75th year of his age, *James Gadsden*, Esquire, formerly of the state of South Carolina.

——At Petersburg, on Saturday evening last, *Mrs. Ann Cole*, relict of the late Mr. William Cole of Prince George county. The circumstances attending the death of this amiable woman, are distressing in the extreme, and have given to the afflictions of her friends, additional poignancy. Returning from an airing with a lady of her acquaintance, and when arrived within ten or fifteen yards of the latter's habitation, the horses from some cause or other took fright; their driver was unable to manage them, or for a moment to check their rapidity. The phæton was hurried along until its wheels came in contact with the corner pailings of an enclosed garden—when the sudden stoppage of the vehicle threw out both the ladies, who were immediately conveyed into an adjoining house. But alas! neither the kind and anxious wishes of those who crouded to the spot, nor the assiduous skill of the faculty, could restore *Mrs. Cole* to life and health; ——A blood-vessel had been broken—she expired in about an hour, amid the tears and lamentations of a number of her dearest friends, who, on the first intimation, had hastened to the scene of this dreadful catastrophe.

Mrs. David Robertson, (who was the companion of *Mrs Cole*) although very much hurt and bruised by the fall, we are happy to say, is conceived to be out of danger.

THE VISITOR.

RICHMOND—JULY 15, 1809.

It must be pleasing to every American to learn, that there is in this City, a Boy from Philadelphia, only Seven years old; known as the INFANT ROSCIUS; whose extraordinary talents for oratory, have called the attentions of the first men of classic taste in this country. With a power and feeling never possessed by any other boy, he recites from the Greek, Latin, and English,

He had the honour, we hear, of giving Mr. Madison a specimen of his abilities, as also several of the members of Congress. Among his many warm and enthusiastic admirers is the well known orator, Mr. Oglivie. It is understood he means to gratify the citizens of Richmond by performing here on Monday night, next.

probably Barret

Original Poetry.

SONG.

Written and ſung, to the tune of "the Neglected Tar," by C. Southgate of the *Richmond Lt. Infantry Blues*, on the late anniverſary of American Independence, celebrated by them at Buchanan's ſpring; where ſuch other patriotic ſongs were ſung, and ſuch energetic yet liberal, ſuch impartial yet appropriate toaſts were drunk, as reflect the higheſt credit on the heads and hearts of the company.

Too long had fair Columbia ſlept,
Wrapt in the arms of Slav'ry,
When wak'd by Wiſdom's voice, ſhe wept,
Yet ſpoke with Spartan brav'ry:
"No deſpot," cried each patriot tongue,
"Shall longer lord it o'er us;"
Then, ſmiling thro' her tears, ſhe ſung,
(And angels joined the chorus,)

CHORUS.

O, Liberty! Columbia's thine!
And thine her brave deſcendants!
Who, tho' againſt them worlds combine,
Will ſhield their Independence.

Tho' Gallia ſtoops to dark intrigue,
Proclaims *decrees reſtrictive*;
Tho' Holland joins the hoſtile league,
With *agency vindictive*;
Tho' England, like a hungry Kite,
Still hangs upon her borders,
Still violates each neutral right
By *harſh, proſcriptive Orders*,
O, *Liberty! &c.*

Tho' aw'd by Bony's *braxen* will,
Or arm'd againſt his knav'ry,
The European nations ſtill,
Are doom'd to war or ſlav'ry;
Tho' orphans' cries, and widows' tears,
And ſlaughter there abound yet,
Heart-ſoothing ſafety here appears,
With ſmiling Plenty crown'd yet!
For Liberty! &c.

Here agriculture o'er the plain
With rapid ſtep advances;
For commerce, now reſtored again,
Her ample gift enhances.
Fair Science too her gloried head
Upliſts, and Art is thriving;
While infant Manufact'ries ſpread,
And trade is faſt reviving.
For Liberty! &c.

Tho' themes political prevail,
And party party blames yet;
Tho' Feds the Democrats aſſail,
And Demos Feds defame yet;
Tho' Quids at both may ſcoff, their hearts
To Freedom all are plighted,
And to repel a tyrants darts,
They'd ſtand—or fall united;
For Liberty! &c.

O happy land! the Virtues' throne!
By equal laws protected;
Where Shame's attached to Vice alone;
Where Worth tho' poor's reſpected;
Where Wealth ſits anxious to remove
The needy ſuff'rer's pains yet;
Where manly hearts are prone to love,
And peerleſs Beauty reigns yet.

CHORUS.

Where Liberty erects her ſhrine;
Where godlike Courage guards it;
Where Wiſdom rules by acts benign,
And heav'nly peace rewards it.

Selected Poetry.

TO DELIA.

Like each fair flow'r by Nature worn,
Her ſpacious boſom to adorn,
Sure thou of loveline's wert born,
Delia.

For while within thy nurſe's arms,
Thou laid'ſt unhurt by infant qualms,
How beauteous were thy budding charms!
Delia.

And during thy yet tender years,
When mov'd to grief by childiſh cares,
How captivating were thy tears,
Delia.

Yet then at many a playful wile,
That did thy girliſh hours beguile,
More lovely was thy dimpled ſmile,
Delia.

But now the fairy had of time
Enrich'd with ſenſe and arts ſublime
Has brought thee blooming to thy prime,
Delia;

Now, when thy ſhape perfection ſhews,
And when thy velvet cheeks diſcloſe
The lily blended with the roſe,
Delia.

When too thy hazel eyes ſo bright,
So ſparkling oft with chaſte delight,
To rapture-giving love invite,
Delia;

And when no bee that lightly ſkips
From flow'r to flow'r ſuch nectar ſips,
As hangs upon thy honied lips,
Delia.

When round thy neck rich treſſes flow,
That falling on thy breaſt of ſnow,
A charm unſpeakable beſtow,
Delia.

And oh! when all thy deeds declare
Thou'rt ſtill more amiable than fair,
Not to love thee—impious were,
Delia.

MODERN SONNET,

THE PEASANT GIRL.

A wicker baſket on her white arm hung,
And cheerily ſhe trip't along the lawn,
While o'er her head Aurora's minſtrel ſung
Aerial matins to the bluſhing dawn,

A little bonnet, bound with purple thread,
Half-hid the village wand'rer's artleſs face
Where bloom'd the lily in its native grace,
'Tween two ſweet roſes always looking red.
And 'twas this bonnet tied with purple bow,
The little maiden's modeſty did ſhow.

'Pray whither art thou going pretty maid?'
Said I. She curtſied low with this reply,
(Her finger pointing to a neighbouring ſhed)
'To feed my father's *pigs* in yonder *ſty*.'

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